The beſt regarded Virgins of our Clime
Have lov'd it too: I vvould not change this hue,
Except to ſteale your thoughts, my gentle Queene.
Por. In termes of choiſe, I am not ſolely led
By nice direction of a Maidens eyes:
Beſides, the Lotterie of my Deſtinie
Bars me the right of voluntary chooſing.
But if my Father had not ſcanted mee,
And hedg'd me by his vvit, to yeeld my ſelfe
His wife, who wins me by that meanes I told you;
Your ſelfe (renowned Prince) then ſtood as faire
As any commer I have look'd on yet,
For my affection. *Mor.* Even for that I thank you,
Therefore I pray you leade me to the Caskets
To try my fortune: By this *Symitare*
That ſlew the *Sophy*, and a Perſian Prince,
That won three fields of *Sultan Solyman*;
I would ore-ſtare the ſterneſt eyes that looke,
Out-brave the Heart moſt daring on the earth,
Plucke the young ſucking Cubs from the ſhe-Beare;
Yea, mock the Lyon vvhen a rores for pray,
To win the Lady. But alas, the while
If *Hercules* and *Lychas* play at dice,
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turne by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is *Alcides* beaten by his rage,
And ſo may I, blind Fortune leading me,
Miſſe that which one unworthier may attaine,
And die with grieving. *Por.* You muſt take your chance,
And either not attempt to chooſe at all,
Or ſweare before you chooſe, if you chooſe wrong,
Never to ſpeake to Lady afterward
In way of marriage; therefore be advis'd.
Mor. Nor will not, come, bring me unto my chance.
Por. Firſt, forward to the Temple, after dinner
Your hazzard ſhall be made.
Mor. Good fortune then,
To make me bleſt or curſedſt amongſt men. *Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter t

Clowne. Certainly, my c
this Iewe my Maſter: the
ſaying to me, *Iobbe, Launcel*
or good *Launcelet Iobbe*, uſ
way; my conſcience ſayes n
heede honeſt *Iobbe*, or as ab
not runne, ſcorne running w
ous fiend bids me packe, *fia*
for the heavens rouſe up a b
well, my conſcience hangin
very wiſely to me: my ho
mans ſonne, or rather an h
Father did ſomething ſmac
of taſt; well, my conſcience
the fiend, bouge not ſayes
counſell well, fiend, ſay I, y
ſcience, I ſhould ſtay with
the marke) is a kinde of de
I ſhould be ruled by the fie
devill himſelfe: certainly t
and in my conſcience, my c
ence, to offer to counſaile m
gives the more friendly co
are at your commandement

Enter old

Gobbo. Maſter young-m
to maſter Iewes?
Launcelet. O heavens, th
ing more then ſand blinde,
will try confuſions with hi
Gobbo. Maſter young G
to Maſter Iewes.
Launcelet Turne up on
but at the next turning of a
turning turne of no hand, b
houſe.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merchant of Venice* (STC 22298) LONDON, 1637 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAN